

# FLOWERS

Strovved by the  
M U S E S,

Against the coming of the most Illustrious  
Infanta of

## P O R T U G A L

*Catharina* Queen of  
ENGLAND.

Ἦν γάμος ἀλλ' ἀχόρευτο· ἔκν λείχῃ ἀλλ' ἀνέβ' ὕψιστον.

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*Tibi lilia plenis*  
*Ecce ferunt Nymphæ calathis*

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By *John Crouch* Gent.

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L O N D O N

Printed for *Francis Kirkman* and *Henry Marsh* at the  
*Princes Arms* in *Chancery Lane*, 1662.



TO THE  
 RIGHT HONOURABLE  
 Henry Marquis of DORCHESTER,  
 Earl of Kingston, Viscount Newark, And  
 one of his *MAJESTIES* most  
 Honourable Privy Council.

*May it please your Lordship,*

**T**He humble presenter of this Poem  
 (once your Lordships & *Domestick*,  
 had almost said your *Favourite*) is as  
 well acquainted with your Lord-  
 ships goodness, as your Lordship can be with  
 his unworthiness; and therefore stands more  
 in need of *Merit* then *Incouragement*: How-  
 ever his Subject (the greatest and best of Prin-  
 ces) will easily court your Lordship to the  
 kindest Reception: Since his Majesties Roy-  
 all *Spouse* is now become the care of the  
 Priest, it is time She should appear the *Joy* of  
 the Poet; and have Her *Canticles* as well as  
*Prayers*. My Lord the Authors presumption  
 in borrowing your name to adorn his Frontes-

piece, hath two honest and Honourable Designs (to be improv'd by your Lordships Favour) the one is an Ambition to proclaim his Allegiance by so great and glorious a *Herald* of all Honour, Vertue and Learning: by so Noble a *Confessor* of a *Martyrd* cause; which Your Wisdome and Courage maintained to its last and longest breathing. *Oxford* (that Loyal Sphear of clouded *Majesty*) may, without the use of *Sophismes*, vindicate your Lordshs. untainted Reputation; whose *early surrender* you so strenuously oppos'd. His other design (as innocent though not so honourable as the former) is, to make the world a *witness* (too corrupt to be a *Judge*) how much *Duty* and *Service* is owing to your Lordship, from

*My Lord,*

Your Lordships most humble Servant,

*JO. CROUCH.*

Upon

Upon the approach of the most Ill-  
lustrious Infanta of PORTUGAL,  
Queen of England

*A Prologue to the following Poem.*

**A**fter such *Dire Scenes* this *Romantick Age*  
Acted in *England*, on her publick stage ;  
Vicissitudes the Sun nor Moon ere saw ,  
Moving without the *Circle* of their Law ;  
When *faith* rackt on the wheel, and scrud too high,  
Suspected *sence*, grew jealous of the Eye :  
What can be strange ? posterity may tell  
Some little wonders, no new *miracle*.

Time with *expanded wings* , has things reveald ,  
Like the *Sphears*, glorious, but by clouds conceald ;  
The Spheares those *plastick wheels* , which Sages say ,  
*Inform* us , as the Potter forms his clay :  
Rapt with whose motion, Ptolemys sharpest spies  
Midst bright *Intelligences* lost their eyes,  
Though 'assisted with auxiliary light  
Of Sun, Moon, Starrs ; *inlightned* into Night.

Dull

Dull Ignorance has still a Gazer been,  
 Of truths, not as *Perplex*, but not foreseen;  
 The People fear to be surpris'd with good,  
 Traduce all Acts by them not understood;  
 Which yet in wisdoms ballance poy'd, are found,  
 Full weight, and *Fools Absurdities* prov'd sound:  
 Could popular Pride make good its bold appeal,  
 Heaven nor the King should have their Privy Seal  
 Happy that man, who learn'd in Natures Lawes,  
 Admires th' Effect because he knew the Cause!  
 But Kings sit in a higher *Orbe*, and so  
 Discover *Stars*, not seen by us below;  
 Act their cleer wills, and then a license give,  
 For curious Eyes, to use their *Perspective*.

*The Poem.*

**A** Match with Portugal? Good news but strange!  
 Beleive me tis a Royal *New Exchange*!  
 (We once *affaires* so inauspicious stood)  
 Mingled in slaughters, now in *kinder blood*.  
 Heaven that pacifick Throne, *serenely* wise,  
 Makes two strange Nations strangely sympathize!

(One lately raviſht from the *Eagles* claws,)

(One later, from a *Bears* untoward Pawes.) *Cromwel*

Link not in *League* but *Love*, joyne *Hearts* and *Hands* ;  
*Thames* ſylver ſtreams, with *Tagus* golden ſands.

East, Weſt, North, South, (ſooppoſite) may ſhare  
 In *temper*s, mixe *affections*, though not *Aire* ,  
 If in this vaſt bulk of the World there be  
 A *Forme* or *Soul* doubtleſs tis ſympathy :  
 Hence conflicts kindneſs ; illſ *compaſſion* move ,  
 Extreameſ diſpute themſelves into a *Love* :  
 This match, to prove great *Digbys* *Secret* good  
 Cur'd two States by the *ſympathy* of blood.

Time before now has known the *Brittiſh* *Sun* , *Henry 2.*  
 In converſe with the *Lufitanian* Moon ;  
 Our *Prince* in honor of the *Forraign* Mayd  
 Though *Black* himſelf, againſt the *Moors* ſent aide.  
 Some *Legends* talke of *Intereſts* as neer  
 As thoſe ſam'd *Duellers*, *York* and *Lancaſter*.  
 Crown-Controverſies well eſpouſe and Wed  
 Make beſt *Convintions* in the Nuptial Bed.

Thy *Catharina*, *Charles*, approacheth nigh :  
 South Winds blow-warme , not from the *Auſtrian* Skie :  
 fair



Fair Catharina, *favorit* of fame,  
 whose vertue is her *Nature* and her *name* ! *Purity.*  
 Since Edwards *Reformation* first began  
 We ne're had such a *gratious* Puritan !  
 From whose prest lips divinest Nectar flows  
 An aire of Spices with her *motion* goes :  
 Her eyes though black, so quick and piercing bright.  
 Sparkles like Stars through clouds, make darkness light :  
 But her best Excellencies, glorys, bleis,  
 Like Heaven's, are rich in *invisibilty* :  
 He that hath eyes can reach a vertuous mind,  
 May there fair *Catharin's* Beauty find :  
 Shall there the greatness of her spirit see  
 Rais'd on a *Column* of Humility.  
 When joys exalt the lusture of her Eye,  
 Her Soul descends as *low* as Heaven is high.  
 One that a glorious Cabinet views, may guess  
 By that *first cost* how rich the jewell is !

Joyn happy payr ! your *Ring* is richly set,  
 But still the Diamond thanks the friendly *set* :  
 Mix your majestick Locks, those mystick *bands*  
 At home are amorous and abroad commands :  
 Black and yet lovely must not be denied ,  
 Enamour'd Heaven courts a dark-featur'd Bride ,

When



When th' Altars Coal in flames of Incense glow's  
 Ther's no such beauty in the fairest Rose.  
 Natures first Cabinet, wore this *Royal Hue* ,  
 From whence (unlockt) a world of Beauties flew :  
 From whose rich *Blackness* sprang the Sun, Moon, Stars,  
 Fire, Aire, Earth, Sea, *Espos'd* by their Jarrs.  
 Nor *Nature*, nor *Apelles* ever made  
 Sun *shine*, or Picture *smile* without a shade !  
 Belov'd *Black* ! whose never alter'd dye,  
 Gathers the opticks and *unites* the Eye :  
 When glittering Colours in their *weakness* gay  
 Make fight by loose *Emissions* weak as they,

O may your *likeness* of complexions find  
 Similitude of Vertue, Temper, mind !  
 May your kind Hearts as close in *union* come  
 As nature, that admits no *vacuum* !  
 Or when you sever for short days, or nights,  
 Renew your Nuptials, meet with fresh Delights.

But can Kings fancy what they never saw ?  
 Create Love, not by sympathy but law ?  
 Not to transcend a Poets sphear, and tell  
 How nobler Objects are invisible ;  
 Princes commence not *Suits* like common men,  
 Their *leaden* eyes must see and see agen ;  
 Whose first congress, if it fall out by night,  
 No love, no faith, till the next day give light :  
 And then (poor *amorous moles*,) look themselves blind,  
 Meet not as *Rationals*, but like *beasts*, too kind :  
 So few once *fir'd*, are in their *flames* discreet,  
 Like wild *sparks*, to their own *Extinction* meet !

When Monarchs, like their *Brother-sun* dispence  
 Pure rayes, send *Spirits* for intelligence :  
 Court not the woman, but the Goddess *Queen*,  
 Who, like his *Daphne* must be ever, green :  
 Vead not their passions at a vulgar rate,  
*Distance* is merit, in *Amours* keep state :

Subject

Subject not Honor to their *softest* will.  
 But though great *Lovers*, are great *Princes* still.  
 Pictures serve them, whose active fancy give  
 Spirit to paint, and make *dead Colours* live :  
 Can kiss those cheeks and lips, inspir'd by Art  
 T'express the silent language of the heart :  
 Gaze on two *Stars*, till (fancy working high)  
 They twinkle ; Time now to lay the Picture by.  
 No dirty passion such a flame controuls.  
 Where two espouse not *Bodies* but chaste *Souls* !  
 Angels ride post twixt such a payr as this,  
 Act their affaires, and expedite their bliss ,  
 Temper the weak and strong, the fair and wise,  
 Lovers *inspir'd*, mou'd by *impulse* not eyes :  
 If business render Love more *nicely* kind,  
 Letters (that brightest imag'ry of the mind)  
 From heart to heart so swift intelligence brings  
 As if the inclosed *Thoughts* had lent them wings.

Heaven seals such matches ! If all this be true,  
Princes may Love without an interview.

Sit still ye *floating* Isles, y'ave long wheeld round,  
Danc'd mazes long, *centerd* on aire not ground :  
With stormes, and Earthquakes long bin rent and torne.  
Yet *toylings* Turks have still the crescent worn :  
When your *half Moon* grew big, began to swell,  
Rebells turnd *Lunaticks* and madly fell.  
Now Britaine's moon is full. Her total summe  
Contains the *fractions* of all Christendome :  
Let civil (but wise) *Spain* cease to be kind,  
Englands Queen shall be *treated* not *desig'd* ;  
Nor all the *Mynes* of *India* should controul,  
Or *Bribe* the judgement of a generous soule :  
Resolve to conquer first with slighter pains,  
*ndias* whole *body*, with its wealthy *veins* !

Blush, blush degenerous Princes, you that Mace  
Not to concern your *Honour* but estat ;

Con-

Conclude how little *England* is afraid,  
 Whose King has wooed a *persecuted* Maid :  
 A Phœnix destin'd for the *Eagles* prey,  
 But by the care of Providence snatcht away :  
 He, whom Heaven rescued with so strong a hand  
 Owed a Protection to some tottering Land :  
 An Act worthy a *Martyrs* sonne, to wed  
 As well his Ladys *Sufferings* as her bed !  
 Spain could not his Infanta thus advance ,  
 To Britains Monarch, and the King of *France* :  
 Fortune in this has *hallowed* her lost name,  
 By dealing Crowns to *Merit* and not fame !

Triumph great *Heir* of Portugal ! To Thee  
 This marriage is beyond a victory :  
 Affinity with England, either ends  
 Thy warrs by Power, or makes thy foes thy friends :  
 Ride on brave Prince victorious, to maintain  
 Thy Portugal against usurping *Spain* ;

Those

Those Ensignes *spread*, tempests had *furld* before  
 Conquer thy *pristin* conqueror, the Moor  
 But *few* and *fools*, to Castile back return,  
 And let the *Proverb* prove the *Coyners* scorn,  
 This *Match* and their *Recovery*, declare  
 Spain *wife* ! what *fools* the Portugueses are !  
 See the grave Spaniard well advis'd inclines ,  
 To save his Honour and his Silver Mines.

Thou first *Restorer* of thy self and Kings,  
 Whose sharper Policy pruned the Eagles wings;  
 Sleep great *Briganza* ! Let the proud *Bird* soare,  
 She may be *blind* , but thou *disbrowd* no more.

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*Hast good Queen ! England with impatience waits*  
*Till Charles have Tangeers and possess the Straits.*

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